

Both Fighters Are Ready for To-Day's Great Battle

REFUSES TO PICK WINNER OF FIGHT

Sullivan Will Not Tell How He "Dopes" It Out.

HAS DECIDED IN HIS OWN MIND

The Great John L. Does Not Take Public Into His Confidence, but Inference From His Remarks Is That He Believes Black Man Will Win.

BY JOHN L. SULLIVAN.
Reno, July 3.—If I had a dollar for every time Jeffries and Johnson had been asked how they feel in the last two weeks I would be a millionaire. I would go the pleasure of seeing the fight, because I could offer a big purse myself and have a private fight for just my friends. On this principle I added \$2 more to the imaginary fund to-day. Naturally I had to get in my questions because I determined when I came here to have the last "How do you feel?"

I routed out my automobile this morning with the idea of getting to the two camps before the crowds arrived, because I want to get my little farewell contacts with both the principals. I went out to Jeffries's camp first and found that Jim was down the road. Corbett said he was fishing and Berger said he had gone for a little walk. I think Jeff gave them all the slip and didn't tell any of the what he was really doing. As a matter of fact he did do a little fishing about three miles away from home and then walked briskly in.

Jeff Not Nervous.
As soon as I had an opportunity I got him to one side and told him I wanted him to tell me just how he regarded the whole situation. He said:

"John, I can't tell you very much different to what I said the other day. I really have not got the slightest doubt about the outcome to-morrow, and honestly I don't feel a bit nervous. I know I am going to get this fellow, and I am making all my plans as much as I ever do make plans ahead with other than that (do you know) I lived to be 1,000 years old I could not be trained better than I am now, according to my way of thinking. I might have been trained differently, and some of the things I have done may prove to have been mistakes, but I know that I can demonstrate that to-morrow and do you know that I have as much interest in that part of it as I have about the actual outcome of the fight. You know I trained differently from all these other fellows. You know that I am sure. I did hardly the same thing that you ever did in just the way you did, and I think that I have introduced a few ideas into training. However, if I am mistaken, I am willing to stand or fall according to the way I have gone through with the thing so far. There is one thing sure, I am not going to lose my head. I have thought out four different ways that I am going about my work to-morrow, which one I will adopt I will depend on the other fellow shows."

"You know, John, that it is ridiculous for a fighter to say just what he is going to do before a fight, and my fellows, you and I, are not any different from other people in most things, and you never going to do before you got into the ring, except when you had a 'mark' as an opponent."

Sensible Talk.
"Jim," I said, "that is the most sensible talk I ever heard from a fighter. Whether you win or lose, you will go down in ring history as the greatest man in some respects that ever stepped through the ropes. I am going to watch you closely to-morrow; as a matter of fact I am going to watch both of you closely, and maybe some day I will write a book about this fight, because I am fuller of it than any other contest I had to do with outside of my own."

I shook hands with Jeff, and there was a lump in his throat as I asked God to bless him and he was the better man to let him win.

When I arrived at Rickard, Johnson's headquarters, I was met with the same cordiality by all of his party that has characterized their treatment of me ever since I joined the fight colony in the Far West. I always have had access to Johnson without the slightest hindrance being put in my way ever since my first visit to him at the Seal Rock House in San Francisco, and this morning was no exception. "Captain John," he said, and his whole attitude indicated that he was considering me alone, "I am going to win to-morrow, and I feel so good over it that I'm just like a kid on Christmas morning. He is going to get all those presents and he is just going hugging himself with the prospect of the feast when he finally lays his eyes and hands on them, and when he has a feeling of drawing back a little more as to delay the game because he knows it there anyhow, and he just wants that extra good feeling without actually experiencing the real, owning all of the things under the tree and in his stockings."

"Well, Jack," said I, "to an old fellow like me, who has been through the game and in a position to feel that there is a day before a fight, it is mighty interesting. You feel as though you were going to win, and there probably is no doubt in your mind about the other side of it."

Feeling Right and Fit.
"John, what is the use of me thinking about the other side of it? There is not a reason that I can conjecture up that will give me an excuse for thinking I am going to lose."

Not Afraid to Pick Winner.
Understand, I am not afraid to pick a winner. I never have been. Some times I have been right and some times I have been wrong. There would not be anything to prize fighting if I could pick winners to every fight, and the reason that I haven't come out with my choice in this affair is because I have not any logical reason for my decision. It is just like one of those woman things—I just feel it and that's all."

RETIRED CHAMPION DOESN'T KNOW DEFEAT

Has Whipped All the Best Fighters of His Time.

NEVER KNOCKED DOWN

Wonderful Fighting Machine That Johnson Is Going Against.

Jeffries's Greatest Fights.

March 22, 1898, knocked Peter Jackson out in three rounds in San Francisco.
June 8, 1899, became world's champion by defeating Bob Fitzsimmons in eleven rounds at Coney Island, N. Y.

November 8, 1899, was given decision over Tom Sharkey at the end of a twenty-five-round fight at Coney Island, N. Y.
July 11, 1900, knocked out James J. Corbett in twenty-three rounds at Coney Island, N. Y.
July 25, 1902, defeated Bob Fitzsimmons in eight rounds at San Francisco, Cal.
August 14, 1903, defeated James J. Corbett in sixteen rounds in San Francisco, Cal.

James J. Jeffries, the undefeated heavyweight, who will endeavor to wrest the world's championship laurels from Jack Johnson at Reno, Nev., to-day, is undoubtedly the greatest prize fighter the world has ever seen.

While he has not fought as many battles as a few other champions, he has engaged in more important contests than any other champion. He disposed of the greatest fighters of his time, and never once has he been knocked down or compelled to take the count.

Jeffries was born in Carroll, Ohio, April 15, 1875, and is the son of the Rev. Alexander Jeffries. His father, in addition to being a circuit rider, had a small farm, where the ex-champion spent his childhood days.

But Dame Fortune failed to smile on the Jeffries family, so the father packed up his belongings and moved to California in the early eighties.

Young Jim attended school until he was fifteen and then started work in a boiler factory, where he developed his enormous strength.

He was always fond of boxing, and on account of his great strength, soon acquired a local reputation.

At this time California was crowded with second-rate fighters, all the big contests being held in the East. Jeffries spent considerable time in the training quarters of a number of the fighters, and it was in one of these places that he was found by Billy Delaney.

Delaney went down to Colma one day and watched Billy Gallagher, who was training for his fight with the mysterious Billy Smith. He saw Jeffries working with the gloves, sized him up as championship timber, and "grabbed" him.

Goes With Corbett.
At this time Corbett was training in Carson City for his great fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, and Jeffries was his protégé for Nevada. Here Corbett used the big overgrown boy as a sort of human punching bag for several weeks, little dreaming that this

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"THE TAP OF THE GONG WILL BE MUSIC TO ME"

—JACK JOHNSON.

On Eve of Great Battle Fighters Make Statements Expressive of their Confidence of Ability to Win.

Reno, Nev., July 3.—James J. Jeffries and John A. Johnson, through the Associated Press, to-night delivered their last messages as to their confidence of fitness, that they will give before they shake hands in the ring to-morrow afternoon.

By James J. Jeffries.

"When the gloves are knotted on my hands to-morrow afternoon, and I stand ready to defend what is really my title, it will be at the request of the public which forced me out of retirement. I realize full well just what depends on me, and I am not going to disappoint the public. As to my condition, just how I feel on the eve of the battle, there is no use going into detail. That portion of the white race that has been looking to me to defend its athletic superiority may feel assured that I am fit to do my very best."

"I want those who fancy my chances to know this much: If I had as much as a slight pain, a sore finger or the most trivial thing imaginable that might annoy me I would not have insisted on a postponement. Fortunately I am as sound as a dollar. I think I will surely beat Johnson. I would not have signed to fight at all unless I was reasonably certain of victory. It is impossible for me to say just how I will fight this colored man. My method of fighting will develop as the actual scrapping is on. Neither can I say whether the bout will be long or short. Suffice it to say that any time I hit the other fellow I'm going to hurt him, and that I will win just as quickly as I can."

By Jack Johnson.

"When I go into the ring on the Fourth of July to fight Mr. Jeffries I will do so with full confidence that I am able to defeat him at the game of give and take. I think I know Mr. Jeffries thoroughly as a fighter, and with this knowledge reassuring me, I am more than willing to defend the title of champion against him."

"I have trained faithfully for this fight. There cannot be the slightest doubt that my physical condition is such that it could not be improved. The conditions under which I have trained and the routine I have followed have brought me to a state in which I will be able to exert every ounce of my strength and bring into play every point about boxing that I know. My original intention regarding my training have been carefully carried out, and I could not ask for

BLACK FIGHTER IS WILD WITH JOY

Ambition to Have Delaney as Chief Second Is Realized.

GREAT TRAINER ARRIVES

Looks Johnson Over and Declares That He Will Win Battle.

Johnson's Training Camp, Reno, Nev., July 3.—Billy Delaney, the veteran trainer, who made Jeffries the mighty fighter that he was, and his followers still believe him to be, arrived to-day and announced that he would act as chief second to Johnson to-morrow. After seeing the negro rubbed down and holding a conversation with him, Delaney expressed absolute confidence in his new protégé's ability to knock Jeffries out.

"Johnson will win," said the trainer. "There can be no doubt about this point. He will defeat Jeffries, because he has unbounded confidence combined with wonderful muscular development. The big negro's ambition is to be the champion pugilist of the world. No man of the build and cleverness of this dusky giant, whose heart is in his work, can be defeated by Jeffries."

Does Not Love Game.
"Do not think that I underrate Jeffries. I know him perhaps better than any other man in the world. He is not a fighter who loves the game, and therefore he lacks confidence. Understand, I don't think he is a coward, for when he gets into the thick of the fray, he will fight, but he will come to the battle ground with lukewarm interest to the test he must face."

No line of battle has been laid out by Delaney for Johnson, and none will be placed before the fighters are in the ring, just before the fight.

"I never plan a fight before I see my man's opponent in action," said Delaney. "Champion Johnson, always happy, was almost hysterical with joy over Delaney's arrival to-day. It was explained that illness had delayed him in San Francisco, but there was a generally accepted rumor that Johnson's handlers brought Delaney here at the eleventh hour to give the negro's spirit a uplift just before the fight."

Whether prearranged for this purpose or not, the sight of Delaney made Johnson very happy.

Jack was just returning from an eight-mile jaunt when Delaney met him at the steps of his training quarters. The big fellow clasped his chief adviser's hand and wrung it warmly.

"I'm mighty, mighty glad to see you, Mr. Delaney," he said.

Then Delaney went upstairs and saw Johnson in the hands of his trainers. When Delaney emerged from Johnson's room a few minutes later, he beamed with satisfaction and good nature. He said that he and Johnson agreed that the following man would be in the colored man's corner.

Delaney, Sig Hart, Al Kaufman, Doe

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WHITE MAN CALM ON EVE OF FIGHT

Spends Sunday Sprawled Under Trees on Lawn.

HAS NO WORRY OVER OUTCOME

For His Friends and Retainers Day Is One of Intense Nervous Strain—Stanley Ketchel Pays Visit to Jeff and Is Ordered Out of Camp—Confidante Is Superb.

Jeffries's Training Camp, Moana Springs, Nev., July 3.—This was a day of idleness, but of intense nervous strain at the Jeffries camp. Sprawled at his ease beneath the shade trees of the lawn, the white champion was apparently the calmest man in the camp. His wife, his three brothers and his tried and trusted friends spent the day with him, and no one mentioned or hinted at the ordeal of to-morrow. Jeffries's mind apparently was a peace, and he gave no sign of worry.

Whatever the outcome of the fight, Jeffries will feel relieved when it is all over. The staring, curious crowds have tried his patience almost to the breaking point. For months he has submitted to the invasion of his private life, his every move has been watched and chronicled, his most intimate thoughts and plans discussed, and he yearns for the seclusion of his own home.

Strangely Quiet.
All was strangely quiet around Jeffries's camp to-day. But for the shifting, restless crowds that thronged the road before his cottage, there would have been no hint of the impending battle.

From early morning until late in the day the athletes idled about the lawn. Inside his quarters to his friends he kept open house like some country squire, but to the endless stream of interviewers, pleading for a word, he turned a deaf ear.

From daylight until long after dark the resort was crowded. In automobiles, buggies and street cars, hundreds journeyed out from the city just for a glimpse of Jeffries. Along the fence that guards his lawn, men, women and children stood in a solid rank. When one moved away, another took his place. Not a motion of the impassive man of the lawn was lost on them.

From the hotel across the road came the whine of the dealers at the gambling games, the rattle of chips, and the clink and the ring of glasses at the bar. A "Wild West" nearby clamored for attention, and strangely garbed cowboys with flapping combreros, bear-skin "chaps" and revolvers, rode high and thruster about the grounds. But the quiet man in shirt sleeves and cap, with his back resolutely set toward the gaping throng, outbid them all for attention.

Ketchel Ousted.
Jeffries did not want any one around his camp who has been on friendly terms with Johnson since he came to Reno. This was shown this afternoon when he had Stanley Ketchel, middleweight champion, put out of the training quarters and off the grounds.

Jeffries was engaged in a game of cards with some of his staff on the lawn when Ketchel, who had motored out from town, came strolling up. He stood behind Jeffries for a moment, and then, when he finally saw

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FIGHTS WON AND LOST BY BLACK CHAMPION

SENTIMENT CUTS MIGHTY FIGURE

Wish Largely Father to Thought That White Man Will Win.

ODDS MAY CHANGE TO-DAY

Jeffries Now Ten to Six and One-Half Favorite Over Black.

Reno, Nev., July 3.—Jim Jeffries will enter the ring to-morrow a ten to six-and-a-half favorite. This is the sentiment among the bettors to-day, and the bets recorded seem to forecast no change either way.

"There's plenty of money coming in on both men, and its take your choice at ten to six-and-a-half," was Betting Commissioner Tom Corbett's statement to-night.

"There is also plenty of even money, and take your pick on the twenty-round proposition. These odds probably will prevail up to the time the men enter the ring."

"This is not a big betting fight, strange to say," added Corbett. "We are handling plenty of money, but nothing like the amount we expected to come in. We handled more money in San Francisco before we moved to Reno than we have taken in here. It may open up to-morrow, however, when specials all get in and the East and West meet on a common speculative ground."

Clarence Berry, warm personal friend and admirer of Jeffries, who is credited with having made the odds by placing many thousands of dollars on the former champion, came in to-day, but had nothing to say as to his betting plans.

There was a great deal of Johnson sentiment among the small bettors, but the champion's partisans were looking for the best odds to be had, and quietly took the ten to six-and-a-half in goodly aggregate. There was no rush to back Johnson at any time, but a quiet steady play was made on the black man. This came more from Eastern arrivals than from the Western contingent, among whom the Jeffries sentiment is generally strong.

Sentiment Cuts Figure.
"Sentiment is cutting a big figure in this fight," declared a well-known sporting man, who has watched the betting since the men began training. "The West naturally leans to Jeffries because he is a Western man, and because they are better acquainted with him personally. But I believe it is too much sentiment and not enough of cold speculative reasoning that is making Jeffries such a topeheavy favorite. It looks to me like a ten to eight or ten to nine proposition, and I would not be surprised to see it at one of those figures before the gong rings to-morrow."

On one of the San Francisco special trains, carrying fourteen Pullmans filled with notable men from that city, a poll was made this morning as they came over the mountains, and the betting showed 2 to 1 in favor of Jeffries. That is, twice as many tickets were taken on Jeffries as on Johnson. But this was not a crowd of Jeffries "own people" and personal friendship probably played a considerable part.

The mutuels, "the poor man's game"—a form of gaming that reflects a broader sentiment, possibly, than the pool betting—furnished an interesting insight into the betting situation to-night. The board in Corbett's pool room showed the following record of tickets sold:

Jeffries Johnson.	
1 to 15 rounds.....	34
8 to 9 rounds.....	8
10 to 12 rounds.....	10
10 to 13 rounds.....	30
14 to 15 rounds.....	34
19 to 24 rounds.....	32
25 and over.....	46
	32

An analysis of this table would indicate that the public believes Johnson's chances of success will increase very largely after the thirteenth round.

Facts About To-Day's Great Fight.

Battle will be for heavyweight championship of the world.

Principals—James J. Jeffries (white), undefeated heavyweight champion; John Johnson (colored), present holder of the world's championship title.

Referee—"Tex" Rickard, of Elko, Nevada.

Battle ground—Reno, Nevada.

Purse—\$101,000, the largest ever hung up in any ring contest; 75 per cent. to go to the winner and 25 per cent. to the loser.

Promoters—Jack Gleason, of San Francisco, Cal., and "Tex" Rickard, of Elko, Nevada.

Winner's receipts, including share in purse, moving picture profits and side bet, estimated at \$75,000. Gate receipts estimated at \$500,000.

Attendance estimated at 20,000.

DAY OF RECKONING FINALLY AT HAND

To-Day Will Decide World's Heavyweight Championship.

10,000 VISITORS CROWDED IN RENO

From Four Corners of Earth Red-Blooded Men Have Come to Witness Battle Between Son of "Mammy" of the South and Son of Minister.

Reno, Nev., July 3.—The day of reckoning is at hand. Jeffries or Johnson, the bear or the tiger, which will win? A few hours more, and, unless there is a draw or some unexpected disaster, two words will be flashed around the world:

"To-morrow afternoon, James J. Jeffries and John A. Johnson will meet in their long-talked-of fight for the undisputed heavyweight championship of the world. Gloved fists will thud against flesh, and blood will rush through leaping muscles in the open arena built near Reno. And the son of a slave, a member of the old South, Heavyweight Champion Johnson, of the son of a preacher, the undefeated Jeffries, will be declared the most perfect fighting machine in the history of the prize ring."

Fighters Are Ready.
Driven out of California, warned out of other States by reform sentiment, harried and pressed by a thousand difficulties, the promoters of this great fight are about to realize the results of their labors. The fighters are ready to spring to the center of the ring at the tap of the gong. The terraced arenas are packed for its multitude, and the multitude is straining to get into the inclosure.

It is estimated that 10,000 visitors are crowded into this desert city to-night. From East and West, the specialists disgorged their loads of sporting men, many of whom have traveled from the far corners of the earth. All day big automobiles powdered with the white dust of the desert have chugged in from the coast cities, from the California valleys, from ranch and mining camps, even from Seattle, 1,000 miles away.

The last touch to the drama that will be staged to-morrow was added by the arrival at the Johnson camp of Billy Delaney, veteran trainer of fighters, who announced positively that he would be in the black man's corner as chief second.

Delaney took Jim Jeffries in hand when he was a raw boy, and made him the champion of the world. Several years ago the trainer and his protégé quarreled, and they have been bitter enemies ever since.

The gray-haired Delaney, who knows Jeffries perhaps better than any other man knows him, picked Johnson to win, and will direct every detail of the battle the black man will make against Jeffries.

White May Be Referee.
The rumor that Promoter and Referee Tex Rickard will not act as third man in the ring will not down. It jolted up again with renewed life to-day when it was reported that Charles White, of New York, the alternate referee, had confided to a friend that he fully expected to be called on to act at the last minute. This was not possible of confirmation, however, and Rickard reiterated his intention of officiating.

The effort to fill the blank in the two-word message that the wires will carry out of Reno to-morrow and to answer it in a way that will bring financial profit is turning heads gray. The odds of the betting brigade never were further up in the air. They are still talking about the "yellow streak" and "can't come back," but the betting sheets show a remarkable decision.

Between the partisans, the great mass of fight followers is wavering. In the pool rooms it is 10 to 6-1-2, with Jeffries the favorite, and even money that Jeffries wins in twenty rounds. In the pari-mutuels the heavy play is against Jeffries.

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GREAT SPORTING EDITION

The Times-Dispatch will to-morrow print as a *Sporting Section* eight pink pages, devoted entirely to news of the sporting world.

It will carry special and detailed stories of the big fight, written by technical experts and famous newspaper men; box scores and narratives telling the results of the National, American and State Leagues, as well as miscellaneous events covering the field of sports.

It will be the greatest sporting edition ever printed by any paper in the South.

You Must Not Think

that because the Virginia Laundry prices are lower its service is inferior to other laundries. The transportation charges are less on the great railroads than one has to pay for similar service over the smaller lines. The reasons are the same in laundering. The Virginia Laundry, which numbers its customers by the thousands and is the oldest established laundry in Virginia, can afford to produce its work at a less cost per customer than the mushroom plants with small patronage can.

The Virginia Laundry is located on a railroad and is enabled to save hundreds of dollars yearly on its fuel, and its pure spring water costs nothing. Not even pumping—flowing by gravity into the laundry. These and other reasons, chief among which is its freedom from commission drivers, demanding their graft of 35 per cent. to 50 per cent., enable it to produce a high grade of work at a smaller cost than is possible with plants not so advantaged.

Again, the Virginia Laundry, instead of compelling its patrons to pay tribute to drivers, places its personally managed offices throughout the city, where thousands of Richmond's very best people tote their bundles, and thereby effect a large saving in the price charged by other laundries. This plan begets large bundles, as the larger the bundle, the greater the amount saved. But you can ride from Westhampton to Seven Pines and return for the saving on a small package of ten collars or cuffs.

If you are not numbered among our 4,533 patrons, you had better at least give our system a fair trial. You can save enough out of your laundry money in a little while to pay for a good suit of clothes. Mail and express orders promptly attended to.

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